

Sierra-471

by Clarke-Sensei

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Summary: -ONE SHOT-A woman has woken in an UNSC med bay. No recollection of name, her life, or what happened to her. One thing she does know is that she isn't the same woman as before. Now, she is a Spartan.

Sierra-471

Realized my phone has Quickoffice. Able to edit, and rewrite some things. Hi, again.

The only thing in this story that belongs to me is the damn plot; I don't need any government after me right now.

The smell of blood, antiseptic, and decay reached her nostrils. It wasn't particularly unpleasant, because she has smelled stench far fouler than the current aroma. She didn't know from when though; that is why she was currently paranoid of her surroundings.

"How is our newest subject?"

"471 is stable, and will have a full recovery. It isn't surprising though." She already hated these voices. They seemed to take pride in whatever they did to her, and a bit of disgust found its way in to the last few words.

"Can you assume on her combat effectiveness?"

"We didn't have time to properly test her before the process, but as you saw, she's a fighter. Almost inhumanely so."

"Fitting for a Spartan. They gave up their chance to be human." The term "human" felt alien to her, and she couldn't say why. She wanted to know why so badly, but all she could think of was birds. Strange birds filled her mind; Bipedal, regal, and they exuded a sense of peace. One particular one stood out from the group, but as with her

name and who she was, she couldn't discern how she knew them. A new voice caught her attention.

"How can you sycophants regard the Spartans as less than human?" The voice felt motherly in a sense.

"Dr. Halsey, how are you today?"

"I'll be better when you treat the IIs and her better than what you do."

"C'mon Halsey. They are damn near robots! Mental conditioning, cybernetics, skeletal enhancements, and power armor to boot? The IIs and 471 are the least human of them all. Especially 471; her genetics aren't even readable!"

"OUT!" Grumbling was heard, and then the two male voices faded into the distance. A chair was pulled up, and 471 felt a hand on her shoulder.

"You can stop acting asleep." 471 slowly opened her eyes, and looked about the room. As she had expected, it was some form of medical bay. She spotted the doctor. Obvious signs of stress were on the doctor's face, and traces of regret were intermingled.

"You were silent when I found you. Is that by choice?"

"Yes" The voice that came from her was hoarse, but it conveyed strength that she didn't feel she had.

"Here is some water. It'll help your throat and the augmentations." 471 gingerly sat up, and accepted the glass that was passed her way.

"Don't be so formal. We didn't mess with your head." The doctor looked about the room. She returned her view back to 471.

"Don't plan to. We've taken most of what made the others human." Dr. Halsey's eyes darkened a smidge.

"You'll have to act like a by-the-book soldier for a while." 471 nodded in response, and stepped off the operating table. A mirror was placed over a sink in the corner of the room, and she had the urge to observe herself.

"You look nearly the way you did when we first met. Although you were bleeding out, and in considerable pain." 471 moved to the point where she could see herself.

"Your physiology allowed the augmentations that we had used on the IIs, even though you really didn't need them. I'm perplexed by how you are standing right now." Striking blue eyes met 471, along with what looked to be the buzzed remains of blond hair. Feminine was how she would describe her face, but it had a predatory mask placed over it. Yet again, the idea of the birds swam into thought. Graceful, beautiful, and dangerous if provoked was how she felt.

"The sycophants are going to start nagging if I don't get you to the Spartan barracks. I'll have John show you the base after a nights rest."

"Who is John?"

"Master Chief Petty Officer, John-117. He's one of the best Spartans to come from this program. He's also your superior for now." The doctor passed a body suit to her.

"Considering you are a fully developed woman, unlike the other female Spartans, you are more developed in certain areas. Would hate to give any of the males here a view of you." 471 grabbed the suit, and quickly put it on.

"To everyone, you are Athena-471. Do you remember your real name?" The tone the doctor held was hopeful, but it was for naught. The Spartan shook her head.

"Hopefully, you'll remember in due time. Ready to meet the other Spartans?"

"Yes, Ma'am." They departed the med bay, and began heading towards the Spartan barracks. 471 noticed various of the male personal taking lecherous looks at her, and she had the urge to snap their neck or perform some other form of torture. She didn't feel uncomfortable, but the lack of respect she was being given annoyed her. Finally arriving at the Spartan Barracks, the doctor opened the door.

"John?"

"Yes, Dr. Halsey?" Athena couldn't see John, but the voice was gravelly.

"Your new subordinate is here."

"Dr. Halsey, a fellow Spartan is not a subordinate." The doctor laughed as her favorite Spartan's reaction was lacking in emotion. Beside the slight annoyance of course.

"Always too serious, John."

"Thank you, Ma'am." John stood in the room, fiddling with a gauntlet of his Mjolnir armor. Athena observed the man, and to her, he looked too young for the gravelly voice that came from him. A blend of brown and auburn made up the hair on his head, and traces of freckles dotted the man's face. John was also about 4 inches taller than her, and heavily scarred from the processes he has gone through.

"Welcome to the family, Athena." She began to salute, but she decided against that.

"Thank you. Dr. Halsey?" The doctor hummed in response.

"I'll inform you as soon as I remember." The elder doctor gave a knowing smile.

"John, watch over her. She's unique." The man directed his eyes to the fellow Spartan, and set down the gauntlet.

"Will do, Dr. Halsey." He directed Athena to an adjacent door.

"Fred, Linda, Kelly, and the other Spartans are in there. I suggest getting accustomed to them, and combat training begins tomorrow."

"Goodbye, Dr. Halsey." As both Spartans entered the adjacent room, the good doctor shouted after them in a unusually humorous tone.

"Don't play too rough kiddos!"

Edited it so it made a more logical view. I felt it had a less practical view with Samus' name already in there. Don't kill me, I thought it was appropriate to name her after the Greek Goddess of Wisdom.

Alright! It's done. Remember; Support in the form of reviews, and I'll continue it. Slowly.

Quick note though; I'm unsure how to explain how she got there, and why she was subjected. Told you it was a oneshot originally. Unless someone thinks of a way, it's staying a mystery.

End
file.